

Londons Ordinarie,

O R

Euery Man in his humour.

To a pleasant new tune.



Through the Royall Exchange as I walked,
where Gallants in Battin did shine:
At midst of the day, they parted away
at severall places to dine.

The Sentry went to the Kings head,
the Nobles into the Crowne:
The Knights went to the golden Fleece,
and the Plow-man to the Clowne.

The Cleargie will dine at the Miter,
the Attorneys at three Tunnes:
The Lawyers to the Deuill will goe,
and the Fryers unto the Nunnes.

The Ladies will dine at the Feathers,
the Globe no Captaine will scoone: (low,
The Hunt-mant will goe to the Greyhound be,
and some Townesmen to the Horne.

The Plummer will dine at the Fountaine,
the Cookes at the holy Lambe: (Moone,
The Lawyers at none, to the Span in the
puckolds to the Ramme.

The Rogers will dine at the Lyon,
the Watermen at the old Swan:
And Balades will to the Negro goe,
and Whores to the naked Man.

The Keepers will to the white Hart,
the Partners unto the Ship:
The Beggars they must take their way,
to the Egshell and the Whip.

The Farriers will to the Horse,
the Blacksmiths unto the Locke:
The Butchers unto the Bull will goe,
and the Carmen to Bridewell Docks.

The Fishmongers unto the Dolphin,
the Bakers to the Cheate Loate:
The Turners unto the Ladle will goe,
where they may naxilly quiffe.

The Taylors will dine at the Sheeres,
the Shoemakers will to the Boote:
The Wellshmen they wil take their way
and dine at the signe of the Goat.

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The Taylors will dine at the Sheeres,
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and dine at the signe of the Goat.

The second part, to the same tune.



The Officers will dine at the Leg,
the Drapers at the signe of the Brush:
The Fletcher to Robin-hood will goe,
and the Spend-thrift to Beggers Bush.

The Pewterers to the quart Pot,
the Woopers will dine at the Hoop:
The Coblers to the Last will goe,
and the Barge-men to the Scoope.

The Carpenters will dine to the Axe,
the Sellers will dine at the Sacke,
Your genterer her to the Cherry Tree,
good fellows no liquoz will lacke.

The Gold-smiths to the three Cups,
the money they hold it as drosse:
Your Puritan to the Pewter Can,
and your Papists to the Crosse.

The Weavers will dine at the Shuttle,
the Glouers will vnto the Gloue:
The Farriers all to the Maiden-head,
and true Louers vnto the Dowe.

The Saddlers will dine at the Saddle,
the Painters will to the greene Dragon:
The Dutchman will goe to the signe of the Froe,
where each man may drynke his flagon.

The Chandlers will dine at the Scales,
the Salters at the signe of the Bag:
The Porters take paine at the Labour in vaine,
and the Horse-courser to the white Nag.

Thus euery man in his humour,
from North vnto the South:
But he that hath money in his purse,
may dine at the signe of the Mouth.

The Swaggerers will dine at the Fencers,
but those that haue lost their wits:
With Bedlam Tom, let there be their home,
and the Drum the Drummers best fits.

The Cheter will dine at the Checquer,
the Pick-pockets in a blind Ale-house:
Till taken and tride up Holborne they ride,
and make their ends at the Gallows.

Printed at London for *John Wright* dwelling neere the Old Bailey.